

He lispes in's neighing able to entice  
A Millars Mare,

Hee'l be the death of her.

*Doctor.* What stufte she utters?

*Taylor.* Make curtisie, here your love comes.

*Woer.* Pretty soule

How doe ye? that's a fine maide, ther's a curtisie.

*Daugh.* Yours to command ith way of honestie;  
How far is't now to'th end o'th world my Masters?

*Doctor.* Why a daies Iorney wench.

*Daugh.* Will you goe with me?

*Woer.* What shall we doe there wench?

*Daugh.* Why play at stoole ball,

What is there else to doe?

*Woer.* I am content

If we shall keepe our wedding there.

*Daugh.* Tis true

For there I will assure you, we shall finde  
Some blind Priest for the purpose, that will venture

To marry us, for here they are nice, and foolish;

Besides my father must be hang'd to morrow

And that would be a blot i'th businesse

Are not you *Palamon*?

*Woer.* Doe not you know me?

*Daugh.* Yes, but you care not for me; I have nothing  
But this pore petticoate, and too corse Smockes.

*Woer.* That's all one, I will have you.

*Daugh.* Will you surely?

*Woer.* Yes by this faire hand will I.

*Daugh.* Wee'l to bed then.

*Woer.* Ev'n when you will.

*Daugh.* O Sir, you would faine be nibling.

*Woer.* Why doe you rub my kisse off?

*Daugh.* Tis a sweet one,

And will perfume me finely against the wedding.

Is not this your Cousen *Arcite*?

*Doctor.* Yes sweet heart,

And I am glad my Cousen *Palamon*

Has

*Basimade* so faire

*Daugh.* Doe

*Doctor.* Yes v

*Daugh.* Doe y

*Taylor.* Yes.

*Daugh.* We fl

My *Palamon* I ho

Now he's at liber

He was kept dow

But ile kisse him

*Mess.* What

That ev'r was fee

*Taylor.* Are th

*Mess.* They a

You beare a char

*Taylor.* Ile aw

I must ev'n leave

*Doctor.* Nay

I will not loose t

*Taylor.* How

*Doctor.* Ile v

Ile make her rig

But still preserv

*Woer.* I will

*Doc.* Lets get

*Woer.* Come

And then weele

*Daugh.* And

*Woer.* A hu

*Daugh.* And

*Woer.* I and

*Daugh.* An

*Doc.* Take l

*Woer.* Yes

*Daugh.* But

*Woer.* I wi

*Daugh.* If yo